

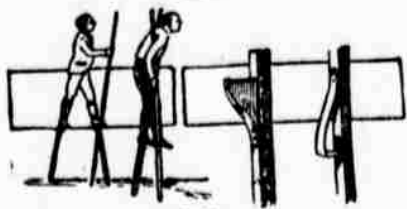
FOR YOUNG READERS

"As Others See Us."
We, rating others honestly, are prone
To wonder how they, in their littleness,
Can pride themselves on merits of their
own.
And be so blind to those that we
possess.

We see wherein they lack; we measure
all
The faults which they serenely think
they hide;
We weigh their worth and see how far
they fall
Below the things on which they stake
their pride.

We wonder why they do not stop to show
Due deference to us who loom so high;
They pass us merely nodding as they go,
Or overlook us as they hurry by.
Perhaps when they consider us and me
They, too, discover blemishes that mar;
Perhaps it is our present solves they see,
Not what we might be and suppose we
are.
—S. E. Kiser, in the Reader for February.

WORK FOR THE HANDY BOY.



Stilts.

This used to be a favorite outdoor
amusement among boys. To a casual
observer it appears rather a dangerous
sort of sport, but it is not so; with a
little practice it is extremely easy.
Many of the shepherds in the desert
of Landes, in the south of France, use
them with perfect freedom and great
rapidity; constant habit enables them
to preserve their balance so well that
they run, jump, stoop and dance with
the greatest ease and security. They
are by their stilts enabled to see their
flocks at a much greater distance, over
a perfectly flat country, their feet be-
ing protected from the water during
the winter and the heated sand in
summer. In addition to the stilts, they
use a long staff, which they carry in
their hands; this guards them against
an accidental trip, and forms a third
leg when they require rest.

To make stilts: Procure two poles
about six or seven feet long, and nail
on a strap of leather, about one-third
from the bottom of each; into these
the feet are placed, the poles being
kept in a proper position by the hands
and moved forward by the action of
the legs. A wooden step, however, is
better, and it gives greater firmness to
the tread; it is nailed or screwed to
the poles. But the best of all are those
that do not reach the hands, but are
secured to the leg just below the knee
by a strap, the footstep being the same
as shown in the illustration. With the
addition of a long staff, any boy could
soon manage to walk in safety upon
them.

Famous Hunter.

It is strange, but also true, that the
greatest bear hunter in Siberia is a
young girl. You boys who sneer at
the cowardice of girls take well note
of this fact. The brothers of this
young girl were hunters, and, hearing
them talk about their thrilling experi-
ences when they were out bear hunt-
ing, made her decide that she would
try and see what she could accom-
plish in this direction. She stole off
alone to hunt her first bear—for she
knew how her brothers would tease
her had she made her wish known to
them. The brothers did not tease;
they were astonished when their sister
returned, bringing home an enormous
skin. After that, she went when-
ever she chose, sometimes with her
brothers and sometimes by herself,
until she became famous all through-
out Siberia.
The name of this girl is Anna Pe-
trovna.

Why "O" is Round.

As every one knows, the letter "o"
is the fifteenth in the English alpha-
bet. It has four sounds, one of which,
as in go, is probably one of the oldest
and helped to fix its shape. The let-
ter in the Hebrew and Phoenician al-
phabet that corresponded to the long
o was called ayn, or eye, and was re-
presented by a rude drawing of an eye.
Of course this was often rendered
simply as a circle with a dot in the
middle, and at last it became the cus-
tom to omit the dot, which gave us
merely a circle, the present form of
the letter.

THE LITTLE KELLAR



Money Sinks Through a Table

A magician will sometimes borrow a
dime and mark it before you, and
seem to put the same in the middle of
a handkerchief, and wind it that you
may better see and feel it; then he
will take the handkerchief and bid you
feel whether the dime be there or not,
and he will also require you to put
the same under a candlestick, or some
such like thing; then he will send for
a basin of water, and holding the ba-
sin under the table right against the
candlestick, he will use certain words
of enchantment, and in a short time

you will hear the dime fall into the
basin; this done, let one take off the
candlestick, and the magician take the
handkerchief and shake it, but the
money is gone, which seems a strange
feat, but being known, the miracle is
turned into a bauble, for it is nothing
else but to sew a dime into a corner of
a handkerchief, which corner you
must convey to the middle of your
handkerchief, instead of the dime.

Making Paper Dolls.

Paper dolls always give delight,
particularly if a little ingenuity is dis-
played in making the faces a little
different from ordinary dolls' faces.
Sheet cardboard not too thick is the
best material for making these dolls,
and the easiest way to mark them
out is to cut a pattern from heavy
cardboard, lay it on the thin card-
board and draw around it with a pen-
cil. Mark an entire sheet at once.
When the figures are cut out paste a
scrap picture head on each one, leav-
ing the neck of the scrap picture free
and unattached. The top of the doll's
dress slips under this neck and is
thereby aided to remain securely in
place. With pen, pencil or brush
draw the lines to represent the under-
clothes. The stockings are usually
painted with a dull black water color,
though there is no reason why they
may not be painted red and further
adorned with stripes or dots. A good
effect is secured by painting the
shoes in gold paint. Slippers may be
painted black and ornamented with
bows or buckles. The foundation of
the dress should be cut out of heavy
cardboard and marked around on writ-
ing paper. White is the best color.



Once an artist had a lovely grey-
hound named Diana, who was a great
pet of his. Then some one gave him
a fine Angora cat called Fluff.

At first Diana and Fluff were just as
bad mannered as most of their kind,
but at last the painter, by petting
them both at the same time, coaxed
them to become intimate.

After that, each winter evening Di-
ana would lie on the floor before his
fire and Fluff would curl between his
paws in the coziest manner.

Soon there came a new member of
the family—a little turtle-dove named
Coo-ee. Now, you know both dogs and
cats generally will try to kill a birdie,
so the artist was much worried how
his three pets would get along.

To make them friends he would take
Fluff and Coo-ee on his knees at the
same time, and then call Diana
to lay his head beside them. In this
way the three soon learned to love
one another, and soon each evening
the turtle-dove went to sleep with her
strange companions, just as you see
in the picture—Fluff lying close to Di-
ana and Coo-ee perched on Fluff's
back.

This singular friendship lasted sev-
eral years. Not only would the three



A Pretty Sight.

sleep together, but even eat out of the
same bowl. But at last Coo-ee died,
and Fluff felt so lonely and unhappy
without her that she ran away and
never returned to the artist's home.

The Game of Push and Pull.

This is a very simple game and one
that will afford good exercise for the
legs, waist, sides, back, arms—in fact
the entire body. Let two girls or boys
take hold of each other by the arms
and each endeavor to push the other.
A chalk line drawn on the floor a lit-
tle distance behind each will make
the game more interesting. Each en-
deavors to push the other over this
mark. When tired of this, says the
Washington Star, change it to a pull-
ing contest, drawing the line between
you. Try to pull each other across it.
You will find it splendid fun and it
will bring color to your cheeks and
develop your whole body.

The Wonderful Aim.

Stick an ordinary metal handled ta-
ble or kitchen knife into the upper
part of a doorway in such a manner
that the handle will point toward the
floor or threshold. Now, say that you
have such a wonderful eye for aiming
that you will guarantee to lay a wal-
nut on the floor in so accurate a po-
sition that the knife will hit it surely
when it is made to drop by hitting the
doorway a whack with the fist enough
to loosen it.

But first, as you do not wish to be
a monopolist, you will ask anybody
else who thinks that he has a good
eye for aim, to lay the walnut where
he thinks the knife will drop.

Somebody will be sure to try it, and
the knife will be almost equally sure
to strike the floor to one side or the
other of the walnut. The fact is that
it is quite impossible for the ordinary
human eye to gauge such a matter as
this accurately.

After everybody who wishes has
tried and failed, you thrust the knife
into any part of the upper part of the
doorway as before, and then fill a
glass with water. Raise it to the
knife and let the knife handle get
wetted thoroughly. Then withdraw it.
Some of the water on the knife
handle will run down and drip off. Put
the walnut where the water drops on
the floor and when you strike the door-
way and loosen the knife it is bound
to hit the walnut.

A Problem.



A man bought 60 chickens at the
rate of 5 for \$2, making them cost \$24.
A week later he wished to sell them,
and divided them in two equal lots.
The first he sold at the rate of 3 for
\$1, which equaled \$10, and the other
half he sold at the rate of 2 for \$1,
which amounted to \$15. By this trans-
action he sold them 5 for \$2, and yet
made \$1 on the whole.

Solution: He bought 60 chickens at
the rate of 5 for \$2, making \$24. Sold
half at rate of 2 for \$1, making \$15
and the other half 3 for \$1, making
\$10, thus selling 5 for \$2, and making
\$1 profit.

Falling Soldiers.

A most successful amusement in
which children and grown-ups take
part is the trick which is called "The
Falling Soldiers." The whole gather-
ing stands up in a line like soldiers.
You order them first to stretch the
right arm forward, then the left one;
second, to kneel down on one knee
only with the arms still stretched;
then you push your neighbor a little,
and the whole file falls like a house of
cards. Young girls shriek, gentlemen
look foolish and parents laugh heartily!

Holder for a Watch.

To make the holder cut four pieces
of cardboard 5x3 1/2 inches; cover two
inside pieces with plain silk. Screw
a small brass hook in center of front
piece 3 1/2 inches from bottom and put
lining and outside pieces together with
glue. Before doing this join the sides
with hinge made of 1/4-inch ribbon, 2 1/2
inches long. Tie two bows of ribbon
and sew at top to join the front and
back pieces, which should stand like
an easel.

Looks Like a Losing Game.

Twenty years ago this month E. R.
Rogers, a pay director in the navy,
lost his clothes through a fire in a
hotel in Yokohama. He at once in-
troduced a bill into congress for reim-
bursement. "The amount asked for is
\$1,000, but the expense of dragging the
bill along through each session of
congress for twenty years would foot
up to a very much higher figure, even
rating the time of interested M. C.'s
so low as to be positively insulting to
the honorable members.

Recovering a Lost Industry.

At Thornham, in Norfolk, the school-
master has taught the village lads the
art of hand-wrought ironwork to such
purpose that this small place promises
to recover a lost industry for England.
Skilled London artists now send their
designs to Thornham for execution
rather than abroad, while the king has
been one of the first to recognize the
merits of the work that is done. The
schoolmaster acts as manager in the
unique movement.—London Answers.

Man as Light as a Feather.

One of the most remarkable and in-
explicable experiments relative to the
strength of the human frame is that in
which a heavy man is raised with the
greatest facility, when he is lifted up
the instant his own lungs and those of
the persons who raise him are inflated
with air. The heaviest person of the
party lies down upon a table at full
length. Four persons, one at each leg
and one at each shoulder, then try to
raise him, and they find his dead
weight to be very great from the dif-
ficulty they experience in supporting



him. When he is replaced on the ta-
ble, each of the four persons take hold
of the body as before, and the person
to be lifted gives two signals by clap-
ping his hands. At the first signal he
himself and the four lifters begin to
draw a long and full breath, and when
the inhalation is completed, or the
lungs are filled, the second signal is
given for raising the person from the
table. To his own surprise and that
of his bearers he rises almost as light
as if he were a feather. When one
of the bearers performs his part ill,
by making the inhalation out of time,
the part of the body which he tries
to raise is left, as it were, behind.

Closed Doors

The doors are closed, the shutters bat-
toned tight;
The curtain drawn; the lamp's soft
flood of gold
Around me lies; there is no touch of
cold;
No hint of the uproarious mood of night,
Tempest may walk the earth and blind
the light
Of winter's frosty stars; unaroiled
The moon may hide within the rack's
dim fold—
I am oblivious; all to me is bright.
For I have chosen guests about my board,
Chaucer, who mined so deep in legend's
hoard.
The greatest of the Elizabethan throng,
Keats and his comrades, from the lyric
host.
To Poesy—this our silent toast
As we together quaff the wine of song.
—Clinton Scollard, in Metropolitan.

Epistolic Echoes of Eden

BY LAWRENCE D. FOX

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

I.—The New Ring and the Old Love.
Dear Richard:—In the old days I
would have written "dearest," but to-
day another man acquired first mort-
gage on that title by virtue of placing
a diamond ring on a certain finger of
what you once called "the fairest hand
in the world." Why I should choose
you—a man and a former lover—as
my confidant, and honor you with the
first news of my engagement, I know
not. Perhaps it is because of mem-
ories which will not down, even though
the flashing eye of his ring seems to
reproach me for not letting the dead
past bury its old love.

Is this letter treason to him? I do
not think he would so consider it, for
he has told me: "I do not ask that
you love your former admirers less, if
you will love me more." That speech
won for him my hand if not my heart.
Leonard is not jealous and in that he
is unlike you. Jealousy may be flat-
tering to a woman's vanity, but it is
destructive to her peace of mind. Yet
a woman loves with her heart, not
with her mind, and where the heart is
concerned a woman does not think;
she feels. So I sometimes wish that
Leonard were less phlegmatic, that he
had more blood in his veins and less
of ice; that he were more like you!

That is treason, and yet—my bonds
are still too young to teach me dis-
cretion. Do you know what a tempta-
tion a diamond ring is to a woman?
But for that I might have waited—
waited for you. Would you have cared?
Rachel waiting for her Jacob gave evi-
dence of no greater patience than
mine. Are all New Englanders like
John Alden: too bashful to speak for
themselves? But I will not compare
you to John Alden. You have a higher
sense of honor than that unjustly-
lauded Puritan, for you would not be-
tray your friend. Perhaps if you were
that kind of a man, I would not be
writing this letter. Yet in penning
this epistolic echo of Eden, I prove
that I am but an erring daughter of
Eve. Are you a son of Adam? To-
morrow may tell. Ah, me, I wish the
morrow were to-day, and yet I dread
the morning's dawn. Would I love you
more on a pedestal towering to the
clouds—and unattained, or kneeling
at my feet—all mine own, but with
the dirt of desire on the hands you
reach forth to clasp mine?

Who can read a woman's heart and
be sure? Even she herself cannot do
that. Can I, then, dare to hope you
will understand these heart-throbs
trickling through my pen in inkly in-
discretions? If you do not understand
—should one reproach the text book
because he does not read its meaning
aright? Spare me in your reproaches,
for in love the end sanctifies the
means. In what on earth have you
faith, if not in me? If doubts distress
you now, what mean the protestations
of the past? I can say no more; my
selfishness and my hope grow dumb;
my heart brims over with silence. The
Deity can invent no greater purgatory
than will mine if you cannot forgive
your
LILIA.

II.—The Letter Which Reached Him.
My Dearest Dick:—May I not call
you by that sweet old pet name once
more, even though a few days must



Dear Richard.

elapse before the law will confer upon
me the right to own you before the
world? "My dearest"—that first word
claims you mine, the second tells you
that you are still the dearest of all
men to me.

I am hysterical, silly, delirious with
joy to know that I may soon give my-
self to you. The fact that I am mar-
ried and its accompanying man I had
quite forgotten. May God forgive me;
you already have, for if I err, it is be-
cause of you, of my love for you.
Whether Leonard forgives me does not

matter; nothing matters now so long
as we two love and may begin to live.
I am dating this letter—the first time
in three years, for since we parted
there have been no dates in my life;
nothing but a blank, a blank only you
can help the future to fill and make
pregnant with promise.

In a few days my bonds will be
broken. Leonard preferred a separa-
tion, but has consented not to oppose
my application for a divorce, which al-
ready has been made. There is to be
no scandal; the utmost secrecy is to
be observed. The judge has even
rashly promised to keep the case out



I never needed you so much as now.
of the newspapers. When the law
severs the old bonds, it will tie an-
other nuptial knot as soon as you wish.
With you as my lord and master,
bondage would be sweet.

I have been a wife in no more than
name. Since Leonard found me cry-
ing over your letter on our wedding
night, we have lived our separate lives,
meeting only at dinner and in society.
Oh, Dick, why did Fate and Uncle
Sam fail to deliver my former mes-
sage to you? Doubtless it is now in
the Dead Letter office, that cemetery
of buried hopes. I have come to be
thankful that, like the writer, my let-
ter went astray. I would not have you
say in the coming years, as did the
first occupant of Eden, "The woman
tempted me." Your fall but arouses
the mother instinct: I long to kiss
away your hurt as did my own parent
in the days before you came to be the
embodiment of my ideal. My dem-
ond, yet son of Adam, you shall no
longer sue at my feet. Let me look
levelly into your eyes; together we
will rise to sunlit heights and forget
the shadows lurking in the valleys of
our past.

Edith tells me you will return home
Sunday. I hunger for a sight of you.
For two years you have kept away—
your absence was hard to bear, but
perhaps it was as well: I could not
have remained true to the man the
world called my husband had you been
nearby. True? Have I been true to
him? Alas! my thoughts have been
traitor, for none belonged to him. I
wronged him in that I had no love to
give him. In aught else, God is my
judge. Be you merciful and together
we will atone for the past, not in sor-
rowing penance, but in joyous living.

Dare I come to see you at your home
and so defy conventions and your
mother? For you I dare all things,
even to laying my heart bare, even to
tearing away a woman's most sacred
attribute, her modesty, and showing
myself to you with soul naked but un-
ashamed. You need not forbid me. I
shall come. Your sister loves me, as
you know, only less than she loves her
brother. Yet I do not need ever her
as an advocate. Let your own heart
plead for me and I do not fear its judg-
ment. I never needed you so much as
now. I am weary; fold me away from
the world in your arms. Let us for-
get, in the dawning of a better day,
the hideous dream of those missing
years.

I am overwrought, nervous; the sud-
den drip of salty tears has blinded my
eyes and the page is a blur before me.
I know not whether my pen is loyal
to my heart. But you—you under-
stand when I only hint at what I dare
not give a voice. There are some
things so sacred that to reduce them
to words would be desecration. I
await you. Once before I said "come,"
and you heeded not. This time I know
you will obey, for this message will
reach you. Heaven and all its angels
will see it safely to its journey's end.
My love, from
Your love,
LILIA.

FAITHFUL TO HIS OWN HERO

Small Boy Unwilling to Concede Any
Man Greater.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher as
she fastened her eyes on a redheaded
boy of 10, "I told you the other day
to find out all about George Washing-
ton you could. What can you tell me
to-day?"

"Nuthin', ma'am," was the reply.
"But you know that he was a great
man?"

"No, ma'am."

"Don't you know that he led our
armies to victory?"

"No, ma'am."

"Or that he was our first Presi-
dent?"

"No, ma'am."

"Is it possible! Why, Johnny, I am



"Said you'd keep talking at me till I
owned up that Washington was a
bigger man than St. Patrick."

ashamed of you! Didn't you try to
find out anything?"

"I asked father."

"And didn't he know?"

"He knew lots, but he told me to
look out for you."

"How look out?"

"Look out that you didn't keep talk-
ing at me till I owned up that Wash-
ington was a bigger man than St. Pat-
rick, and so I'm not saying a word."

Not Quite Ready for Grave.

An innkeeper at Leutschau, Hungary,
named Joseph Schwartz, alarmed his
family recently by coming suddenly
to life after he had been laid out for
burial. Schwartz found himself lying
in an open coffin, surrounded by six
lighted candles and a quantity of
flowers. His children were singing
funeral hymns in the next room. The
first thing Schwartz did after climb-
ing out of his coffin was to extinguish
the candles, because, as he after-
wards explained, it seemed to him
such a terrible waste. He then en-
tered the dining room, where his wife
and family were, still wearing his
shroud, and frightened them into hyster-
ics. It afterwards transpired that
Schwartz, who suffered from a pain-
ful malady, had been given an over-
dose of morphia by a local doctor. He
fell into comatose state, and when
this had lasted twenty-four hours his
family concluded that he was dead,
and made preparations for the fu-
neral without calling the doctor again.

Takes to Tusks.

One of the oddest of royal hobbies
is that followed by Queen Maud of
Denmark, who for years has made
ivory her hobby. Not only has she a
fine collection of carved ivory statues
and other art objects, but she collects
ivory in the tusk as well and has a
large collection of trophies of the ele-
phant chase, many of which were
sent to her by her brother, the pres-
ent Prince of Wales, who will doubt-
less add to the collection during his
trip through India. Most of these are
supplied with tiny gold plates, telling
where and under what circumstances
the animal from which the tusk was
taken was killed, and this bald data
are supplemented by written descrip-
tions which have been published in
book form by their queenly collector
under the title of "Tales of My
Tusks."

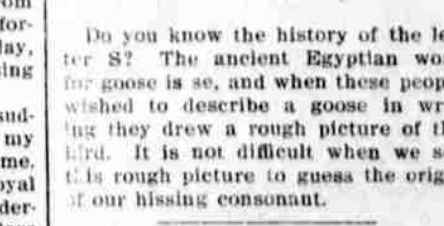
Sound Sleepers All.

"Rare slumberer are the Turks," de-
clares a writer. "In the villages, at
any rate, they will drop into the land
of dreams on the slightest pretext
and at the shortest notice."

"This habit has advantages; one
being that the Turk does not at all
mind being awakened in the dead of
night, for the simple reason that he
can go to sleep again the instant he
wishes. When staying in very limited
quarters I have often heard a mem-
ber of the family get up, and after
searching about among his sleeping
companions, thoroughly arouse them
all to ask where his tobacco was, or
upon some equally slight excuse."

Origin of Letter "S."

Do you know the history of the let-
ter S? The ancient Egyptian word
for goose is se, and when these people
wished to describe a goose in writ-
ing they drew a rough picture of the
bird. It is not difficult when we see
this rough picture to guess the origin
of our hissing consonant.



Poorly Paid Men of Law.

There are 10,982 advocates, solicitors
and procurators in Italy, whose gross
incomes, according to the income tax
returns, amount to \$3,462,615, which
gives an average income of about
\$315. Of these legal men, five profess
to have an income of \$6,000, eight
\$5,000, sixteen of \$4,000, ninety of
\$3,000 and 1,508 profess to have an in-